

THE
FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

FEBRUARY

1913


3

*Why pay more
when Ten Cents
will do?*



ROY MATHEWSON
Nothing Over Ten Cents

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THE FOCUS

VOL. III FARMVILLE, VA., FEBRUARY, 1913 No. 1

God's Own Gift

A soft kiss pressed my forehead,
 I knew so well 'twas there;
A hand lay on my shoulder,
 I felt it brush my hair.

Two eyes of violet color
 Looked fondly in my face,
A look of heavenly beauty,
 Of God's own healing grace.

Was it an angel sent me
 To cool my fevered brow?
Was it the fragrance of a rose
 Sent by the wind just now?

Or could it be some fairy
 Sent, 'round my bed to hover?
Why, yes, I've waked—I *see* her:
 'Tis God's own gift—*My Mother.*

M. A. B.

Wordsworth and Nature

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie.
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is known wherever English is spoken as "the poet of Nature." He loved Nature consciously, even from his youth and, in "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," spoke of it as "the course of pleasures of my boyish days." In this same poem he said, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

Often when he was a boy, he stood at evening beneath trees by the glimmering light with fingers interwoven and face uplifted, watching the early stars as they began to move along the edges of the hills. When all was silent he could hear the distant roar of mountain torrents, and as he expresses it in "There Was a Boy," these things—

"Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery."

"Wordsworth also 'on the dry smooth-shaven green' paced on solitary evenings 'to the far-off curfew's sound,' beneath those groves of forest trees among which 'philomel still deigns a song,' and the spirit of contemplation lingers still. Beneath one exquisite ash-tree wreathed with ivy, and hung in autumn with yellow tassels from every spray, Wordsworth used to linger long." He was spoken of by his friends as "a rambling boy."

Wordsworth seemed to love Nature more than he loved men; at least, he was drawn most to those men who lived closest to Nature and were more a part of her. Thus he said he loved shepherds, "dwellers in the valley,"

"Not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills,
Where was their occupation and abode."

Throughout his long life Wordsworth loved to make tours on foot through the country; not as men do now, trying to win a prize, perhaps, or for lack of money, but "to watch and note in Nature that to which other eyes were blind." These tours bore direct fruit in the poetry they inspired.

His tramps through Scotland in August, 1803, inspired several of his best poems. "The Yarrow Poems" are the most noted result of this tour. "The Highland Girl" and the "Three Cottage Girls" are only two more among many others. During the tour he wrote "The Highland Girl." "Three Cottage Girls" was written twenty years afterward, and yet, after all that time, he said he remembered just as well how those three girls had looked as if he had just seen them. He cherished such memories.

In 1820 he tramped all through Scotland again. In the same year he spent four months in Switzerland and in Italy making tours from place to place. While in Italy he wrote "The Musings Near Aquapendente," "The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome," "The Cuckoo at Laverna," and many others. These continental journeys left deep impressions upon Wordsworth. "The power of hills was on him; the music of waters was in his ears: light and darkness wove their spells for him." His mind seemed to live under the "habitual sway" of Nature.

"To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Wordsworth did not love merely the beautiful things which he saw here and there; he loved the earth itself, the bare faces of hills and mountains, the rocks, the streams, the naked trees, no less than the leafy trees, a ploughed field no less than the green meadow. He hardly knew what it was that drew him to Nature. It was not outward beauty any more than it was that sort of beauty in his father and mother that made him love them. It was "something far more deeply interfused,"—something native and kindred to his own soul that called to him.

Nature was the basis of Wordsworth's religion. He substituted an admiration for Nature so constant, an understanding of her so subtle, a sympathy so profound that they became a veritable worship. He has shown us through his emotional poems how the contemplation of Nature can be made a revealing agency like love and prayer. He felt himself at once better and happier as he came under the influence of it.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I grow old,
Or let me die!


The child is father to the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Perhaps this new feeling for her spiritual beauty explained why Wordsworth seldom tried to describe Nature in detail. He does not merely praise Nature or tell us how beautiful he found her to be and how much he enjoyed her, but by the spiritual power he catches from Nature he makes us share his enjoyment.

"What he has loved,
Others will love, and he will teach them how."

—*Alice Belle Martin.*

Dan, Detective

"AY, FRECKS, wait a minute. Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Aw, g'wan, man, don't you see this telegram? Don't you know I'm a man of a lively business. 'Tain't no loafin' for mine, you bet," replied freckle-faced, chubby Bob, otherwise known as Frecks to the "fellows."

"You talk like I don't have a business of my own, too. You think jes' 'cause you wear that blue cap wid dem letters on it, that you is awful important. But my! you orter seen de pile of papers I sold yistiddy. Never sold so many in my life."

"Must been somethin' 'stremely important in those papers. T. R. must be startin' on somethin' new."

"Nothin' of the sort," said Dan. "I sells a lot every-day"

"Well, here's good luck to you, old chappie. I got to be going. Be at the corner at seven. S'long," and Frecks went whistling up the street.

"S'long," returned Dan, as he went on down the street with his stock of papers, crying as he went, "New York Herald, two cents; New York Herald."

Late that afternoon with his stock completely exhausted, Dan went his way home. On the way, he recalled the conversation with Frecks a few hours earlier. One sentence, particularly recurred to him. "Must have been something very important in those papers," Frecks had said.

"Maybe there was," said Dan, and a peculiar little crinkle came into his forehead which always came there when he was thinking right seriously.

"Wonder why I didn't read the papers last night," he mused. For he had quite a fondness for keeping up with all the news of the day, being quite an authority on his street for news of all the murders, trials, and famous divorce cases of the hour.

A few minutes later he was bounding up the narrow flight of stairs which led to the two rooms which he called his home.

"Say, Ann M., seen anything of that newspaper I brought last night?"

"Ann M.," as he called her, deigned no reply from her lofty perch upon a goods box, where she was endeavoring to put the latest cut into a skirt which bade fair to rival "the lady's." Marie Antoinette had been the original appendage with which her mother had adorned her; she, having read a touching story of a queen by that name in a book that one of the settlement ladies had lent her. The "street" had soon gotten it down to Mary Anne, but Dan, out of the kindness of his heart, had sobered it down to Ann M., much to this same Anne's utter disgust and resentment. On this particular occasion Anne continued to sew.

"Are you going to answer my question?" screamed Dan, after several brave, but futile, attempts to arrest her attention. Anne was putting in a redeeming pleat.

About this time Dan's keener sense came to his rescue. He would resort to strategy! He knew his sister's weak spot.

"I met our lady around by the avenue this morning," said Dan, carelessly. He noticed that the needle wasn't going nearly so fast as it had been. "She asked me about you." The needle had stopped. "Said she was going to send you some more books next week and she said—"

Ann M. actually raised her eyes; raised them in exactly the same dreamy way that she had acquired from "their lady." But Dan had stopped. His gaze was riveted on the working table.

"Go 'way! if that ain't the very paper I'm looking for," said Dan, making a dive for the pattern by which the skirt had been cut.

"What did she say, Dan? Go on at once," commanded Anne.

But Dan was now master of ceremonies, and he was utilizing his time by scanning the pattern eagerly. Anne was the picture of exasperation. To think that her adored,

her ideal, had sent her a message and Dan was mean enough not to tell her. Why, Miss Helena was nothing short of an angel. Of course everyone was obliged to love her. And the settlement—why it, with one accord, worshipped her. How could anyone help it? With her beautiful blue eyes and those golden curls, just escaping here and there. Anne was oblivious of the time and of Dan. She was in one of her rhapsodies. But she was aroused from her reverie by seeing Dan toss the piece of paper, her beloved pattern, to the floor.

"Dan McPherson, what do you mean?" said Anne.

But Dan calmly reached out for another piece of the pattern. This was more than Anne's equanimity could possibly endure. But she decided to bide her time and see what he was going to do.

His eyes were traveling slowly down the piece of paper. Suddenly he stopped, and his sister leaned over to see what he was reading.

"Lost—Between Fifth Avenue and the Montgomery Club, gold ring, with large diamond set in four-leaf clover. Handsome reward if returned to 61 Montgomery Club."

"Well, what about that?" asked Anne.

"Nothing, particular—to speak of—except—" Dan stuck his hands in his pockets. His forehead was crinkled up. "Say, Ann M.," he began.

"Well," said Anne, all attention.

No, he wouldn't tell Anne his secret yet. A girl couldn't keep a secret, anyway. He would tell Frecks. He glanced at the clock.

"Gee, whiz! ef it ain't nearly seven o'clock," he exclaimed, and bolted out of the door and down the steps two at a time, regardless of the fact that Anne was screaming after him. But all he heard was a confused jumble of "supper," "come back," "Miss Helena," "ring," "four-leaf clover," and a lot of other tlngs that he failed to comprehend.

Just as he turned the corner, he heard Freck's whistle and hurried to meet him.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Dan?" he asked. "I never did see anyone look so mysterious. What's up?"

"Jes' wait a moment, Frecks; I've got a secret to tell you. I've a little work on hand, maybe, for both of us."

Frecks moved up closer to Dan.

"Aw, we can't talk business here. Let's get a quieter place," said Dan.

"I know a quiet spot," said Frecks. "Come on."

They soon reached a secluded corner and Frecks settled himself to listen. Dan pulled out the front gore of Anne's skirt pattern and dramatically pointed to one corner of it.

"See that," he said, pointing to the "Lost" notice.

After much difficulty, Frecks succeeded in reading it; then looked questioningly at Dan.

For reply, Dan laid one finger down in the palm of his hand and said, impressively, "I think I know where that di'mon' is, an' ef I can't lay my hands on it I bet the guy what's lookin' for it kin."

Frecks had unusually round eyes, but on this occasion they made two perfect spheres.

"An' a 'ansom' reward," echoed Frecks.

"Yer see, it was this way," continued Dan. "I was slowly going on my round, and had jes' got up on Fifth Avenue and, feeling a little tired, I sat down on some bales of goods deposited there. I hadn't been there long before a rather seedy looking feller came amblin' 'long. In the opposite direction there was comin' one of these sports. Well, what should they do but meet right at the goods boxes and there was I perched behind them.

"The seedy guy says to the sport, 'Say, I've had a rather nice find.' The other one laughs an' says, rather careless like, 'Well, let's see.' So I peeped around the boxes and saw him take a ring in his hand from the other fellow, and I noticed his eyes sparkle up a good deal. But he only said, 'It's imitation, my good fellow,' and laughed again.

"But the other one didn't seem to think so and shook his head. Anyhow, the wise guy said at last, 'I'll give you a ten-spot for it, and you are getting big money at that.'

"So it ended up by the seedy fellow going off with the ten-spot and me watchin' the wise guy. Then what should he do, but go straight over to a pawnbroker's. I

was on to the job by this time, so what did I do but go on across the street after him.

"In a few minutes he came out of that shop with a great, big roll of 'greens.' Hadn't he cheated de other fellow, though! He was a wise one!"

"Did you ever get your goggles on de ring?" asked Frecks.

"Sure! I was goin' to see the game to the finish, so I went into the shop, like I wanted to sell a paper, and the man was jes' puttin' the ring away, so I glued my eyes onto it. It was a funny shaped thing, jes' a round band, but ther was one big sparkler, settin' right up among some shiny leaves. But you know, Frecks, I hadn't never seen but one ring before in my life like that one and that was our lady's. She allers wore it.

"But this thing in the paper said, 'Return to 61 Montgomery Club.' Now that's somebody else, 'cause the lady lives out by the Park. It's strange, ain't it?" concluded Dan.

"It sho' am a myst'ry!" ejaculated Frecks. "What are you goin' ter do?"

"Goin' ter do! I'm goin' right up to 61 Montgomery Club right this minute, an' you jes' better come and go with me," said Dan.

"Aw, g'wan, I'm skeered er them clubses," said Frecks.

Dan gave him one withering look and the latter, without more ado, proceeded to accompany him.

After some time, they finally reached the Club. But Bob's courage had completely failed him by this time and he subsided into a chair on the second floor hall and made Dan continue alone. After knocking several times on "61," Dan heard a masculine voice say, "Come in." On going in, he discovered behind a cloud of smoke, a rather good-looking young man, who continued to send forth puffs from his havana.

In a moment Dan was pouring forth a recital of facts; the same that he had administered to Frecks, only omitting the fact that he had seen a diamond before like that one.

When he had finished, the young man exclaimed, "I expect that's the very goods we are after and I'm certainly going to investigate. You know it isn't so much the real value of the ring that I mind as I could probably get another solitaire. But this was my mother's engagement ring, and I, in turn, had given it to my ——," here he stopped and turned very red. "Any way," he continued, "it had just been given back to me for no reason of mine, I'm sure."

"But I'm very grateful to you for your service, and I'll certainly see to that last clause of the advertisement. My car'll be around in a moment and you'd better go with me."

But Dan excused himself, saying he had to go home, but before he left the young man had taken his address.

The next morning Ann M. had resumed her sewing on the would-be stylish skirt, only she was minus the right front gore pattern. However, she felt duly compensated for it by the thrilling events of the day before, which Dan was then relating for the sixth time.

"And you think he's an awfully nice young man?" said Anne.

"Sure! and I tell you, he's one of these rich fellows. He's a hero, in my mind."

Just at that moment there came a knock at the door, and at the same time in came a most delighted, eager-faced young man.

"Old chap, I've got it," he exclaimed, as he sprang into the room and seized Dan's hand and began to pump it up and down. "The pawnbroker was a tough one and it took a good deal of persuasion intermingled with some cash, to get it back again. But he finally came over with the goods. You are certainly a fine detective!"

Then Dan, Ann M., and "their young man," as they called him, got into a most animated conversation, and he had just begun to tell them about some of the history of the ring—for, as they found out, it was very historic—when there came a second knock at the door.

Ann M. ran to open it. Dan and his companion looked up just in time to see her throw both arms around a slim figure with golden hair, and heard her exclaim, "Oh! Miss Helena, why haven't you been to see us before! and you look so worried!" Anne was exclaiming all in one breath.

"Dear, I've had enough to worry me," replied Miss Helena.

Just then her gaze wandered past Anne and she stood staring unbelievably at a blushing young man, who was standing by the window, twirling a ring on his finger as if he was trying his best to make it disappear.

What Ann M. and Dan saw next was the lady blushing too, and starting to leave. But "their young man" was too quick for her. Before Anne could comprehend things, he had both of her adorable's hands in his and was putting that same ring on her finger, and saying something about the rightful owner.

It all happened so quickly that neither Dan nor Ann M. knew how to take things, especially when Dan's hero took the lady in his arms and she began crying on his shoulder. Ann M., not knowing what else to do on such occasions, caught Dan around the neck, much to that gentleman's discomfiture, and began weeping too.

Then everybody began laughing and crying at the same time, in the midst of which the nice young man reached out and caught hold of Dan's hand and said, "I called you my detective, this morning, but you are my Cupid also."

"And Marie Antoinette is mine," said Ann M.'s adored Miss Helena.

—Willie Guthrie.

Day

"See! Led by morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat."

All the fair flow'rs their leaves unfold
To greet the coming morn,
And on the balmy breeze is borne
Their perfume rare and sweet.
In roseate hues the clouds appear,
As heralds of bright day,
To tell us that the dawn is here
And Apollo 'gins his sway.
The heavenly-harnessed team is out
And night and gloom is put to rout,
Then 'cross the heaven's expansive blue
Apollo steers his course so true.
Down to the golden west;
And then the gilded car of day,
Its journey done, doth now allay
Its glowing gold, its fiery gleam,
In dark blue ocean's soothing stream.

—*Antoinette Davis.*

The Geometrical Idiot



AM going to leave this Hampden-Sidney for today and go for a hunt," I declared. "Anybody want to go?"

"You won't find anything in these parts," encouraged Phil. "It's the deadest country in christendom; I have been here for two years, and I ought to know. Why, you couldn't scare up an interest with a pack of hounds."

"Keep to the Farmville road," he called after me, "and you might scare up some of those crazy Normal girls."

I didn't keep to the Farmville road, or any other road, and about four o'clock I began to believe Phil was right, for I hadn't seen a thing, flesh, fish, or fowl. Anything would have proven of interest, particularly if the anything could tell me "the way to go home," for I hadn't an idea where I was.

I stood still, looking intently at nothing, when I was startled by hearing a girl's voice. I judged from it she was very much alive, but I doubted if the person addressed would be for long. I thought I would see what it was all about—play detective—and perhaps lend a hand to the under dog.

I made my way cautiously through the bushes and found before me a field grown high in grain. There was one large bush in the field and the girl stood with her back to the bush, several feet in front of it. I saw and heard only one person and I had about decided the other person was "laying low," when she strengthened my belief by leaning forward, saying something and then laughing merrily.

That part of my brain given over to reason, gentlemanliness, and all such worthy virtues, urged me to withdraw discreetly, but the other part of my brain, given to curiosity

and other human traits, urged me forward. Oh! well, I stealthily crept towards the bush.

I noticed as I got nearer to her that she was quite graceful. Once she turned around, and I was scared, but I wasn't too scared to notice that she was pretty, decidedly pretty, and it was a shame for such a face and figure to have such a temper. I reached my bush in safety but was no wiser as to the other person, in fact "the plot thickened," as they say in books, for she was absolutely alone.

"Do you want me to sing you a song, a riddle song?" she asked the unseen. "If you can't guess the answer you will have to take me to the moon, tonight."

"Crazy," and I mentally sighed, "so young, so fair, and yet so crazy." But my thoughts were stopped by her clear, sweet voice, singing,

"They call me a poacher, an outlaw,
I hunt out of season, they say,
But I note, just the same,
Though I caution my game,
That it seldom gets out of my way.

"They cry that my arrows are cruel,
Productive of exquisite pain;
Then it's queer what a lot
Of poor hearts one time shot
Hover 'round me again and again."

"Can you guess the answer?" she inquired of the ghost.

"Why, I am Cupid," she laughed, "and could make you fall in love with an ass, a puppy dog, or a Hampden-Sidney boy."

"Plumb batty!" and I think I must have sighed.

"Now, you must take me to the moon," and she broke off singing,

"The moon let down her silver hair
In ripples on the sea—
She loosed each diamond pin with care
And stuck it carefully
In the dark pincushion of the sky."

"I want one of those diamonds and I will have one; I will, I will," she shrieked and stamped. "I will shake her hair down," and she grasped the air and shook with so much

earnestness and so hard that I don't know that I didn't half expect a moon lady to grow under her hand as in "Alice in Wonderland;" but then Alice was asleep, and I never was so wide awake.

"There," she sighed at last, "I knew if I shook hard enough salt would come, and this country does need savoring."

She suddenly turned, facing the bush and sank on the ground, put her head in her lap and sobbed as if her heart would break, "Oh! Oh! I know I am crazy. Oh, yes, I know it and it is all the fault of that geometry. I was all right until I tried to prove parallel lines. I have traveled all over the country and last night I thought I had proven it when they went down the mouth of the moon. Oh, you just must take me to the moon and let me follow those lines and see that they don't meet." She had stopped crying and sat still and dejected. "I asked them what was the use of it all; I could do lots of things, in fact most everything that an average person could. But they told me it would train and strengthen my mind, and look what it has done for me. But I know," and she brightened as she parrot-like said, "If a pyramid whose base is a regular polygon be inscribed in, or circumscribed about, a circular one and the number of its faces be indefinitely increased,

"1. The lateral area of the pyramid approaches the lateral area of the cone as a limit,

"2. The volume of the pyramid approaches the volume of the cone as a limit.' I know all that, therefore I am strong minded; I have sense, plenty of it. I can say, 'If an isosceles triangle be revolved about a straight line in its plane, not parallel to its base, as an axis, which passes through its vertex without intersecting its surface, the volume of the solid generated is equal to the area of the surface generated by the base, multiplied by one-third the altitude, and now what need have I for more knowledge?

"Come here, I have a secret to tell you," she said, beckoning and looking, it seemed, right at me. "Altitudes vary, I know they do; I can prove it. I prove everything I say; therefore everything I say is right, for you can't prove a wrong. Now isn't geometry useful and wonderful? See

what it has done for me," she said proudly, and I almost wept. In the same even voice she continued, "Oh, I see you in the bush. You too, think I am crazy, but I won't hurt you. If there are words to express my feelings I don't know them. Oh, I will go drown myself in my geometry," she said, rising slowly and coming towards me. "But let me tell you——" and leaning over the bush, looking into my eyes, she gave a very sane cry, "Good gracious! how you startled me. I hope you enjoyed it." I was unable to move or say a word. "And," she continued, "now wouldn't you just swear I was crazy?" She laughed at my embarrassment; for the life of me I couldn't say a word.

"Oh, that is praise enough," and she turned to go; "the people at the house won't stand for it, so I have to go to a secluded spot. But if you like my rehearsal of the 'Geometrical Idiot's' part in our new play, please come tonight. It is to be for the benefit of our Dramatic Club, you know."

—*Katharine Diggs.*

The Starre Lovers

(A Ballad.)

Twa starres hang high in heaven,
Casting a gouden light,
They are the souls of lovers twa
That shine there thrae the night.

These lovers twa frail mortals were,
Adown by a streame one night
They pledged their love to be pure as the starres
That gleamed in the skies so bright.

Then reverently they kneeled down
By the brooke in the silver light,
And prayed that God this love would keep
All pure and spotless white.

As kneeled they, the Father God
Looked down frae His great white throne,
And seeing the purity of their love
Accepted it for His own.

And so He placed in His heaven fair
Twa starres of skinkling goud,
As a memorial to these lovers twa
And a sign to all who behold.

—*Florence Boston.*

A Postponed Adjustment



LIGHT SNOW had fallen and Howard Stanley, returning along the brick sidewalk from his studio, minced and balanced timorously in an attentive effort to keep his feet. Even so he had several times just escaped being the victim of an uncontrollably slippery heel; and the nervous energy required in recovery, was more than he could comfortably spare.

"Brick sidewalks!" he muttered to himself as he made his painstaking way over a pavement of peculiar treachery. "Where else but in Richmond—if a man of my age and bulk were to fall—" but at that moment the slippery heel would not be denied, and down he went, shedding hat and cane with a loud ringing sound.

In spite of his age and weight he found himself not seriously hurt, though aware of a somewhat painful bruise on his left elbow, which annoyed him less, however, than the smiles of two approaching young ladies. With dignified nimbleness he set about picking up himself and his belongings, and he had almost accomplished the feat when a window in the house before which he had fallen was raised and a feminine voice called out: "Oh, Mr. Stanley, I hope you are not hurt?"

Stooping for his hat, he paused and looked up—a temporarily absurd attitude, as occurred to him later. There in the open window stood Jacqueline Bruce. In the preoccupation of his thoughts, he had not realized that it was the Bruce's home which he had been passing, the Bruce's sidewalk which had entrapped him. His fall now seemed doubly exasperating. But he answered pleasantly, "Oh, no, thank you, not hurt in the slightest," and, without further misadventure, he recovered his hat.

Jacqueline Bruce did not put down the window; she said, "It was such a hard fall, you must be quite shaken up. Won't you come in and rest a moment and have a cup of tea?"

"Thank you; I wish I could, but I must be on my way. I am late as it is."

He moved on at a fairly reckless pace. Why he had said that he must be on his way and that he was late, he could not explain, though a glimmering of conscience besought him for an answer. He was headed for his rooms, with the intention of lounging there for the hour intervening before dinner. There was no reason why he should have answered as he did. Before he had taken many steps he wished that, in response to the invitation, he had gone in.

Jacquiline was looking rather faded. At forty most unmarried women look rather faded. There was gray in her hair too; it was a pity that she had never married. Stanley had an uneasy, dissatisfied feeling—the kind of feeling he always had when Jacqueline Bruce was brought to his mind.

He pursued his way, conscious that a vague weight had been added to the depression, the apprehensive anxiety, with which the prospect of Christmas had been inspiring him. For, although it was only five days distant, no one had as yet invited him to Christmas dinner. It seemed to him almost incredible that he should be overlooked, and almost comic that he should take the oversight to heart. But the idea of dining all alone on Christmas was impressing itself on him as more probable and more appalling. If people knew of his forlorn condition dozens of doors would, of course, fly open to him. But his pride would not permit him to hint to any one that he was unprovided for and everybody assumed that naturally he, like all other popular bachelors, would be eating two dinners on Christmas.

Of course it should have occurred to some one that the Dicksons', with whom he always dined on Christmas informally at one o'clock, were in Europe, and that the Nelsons, with whom he always dined on Christmas, formally at eight o'clock, were in mourning.

It was a perverse world; throughout the winter he was showered with dinner invitations; he dined out on an average, probably, five times a week, and yet the one day of the year when dinner was important, he was forgotten! Stanley felt that he cared as little as any man alive for mere

eating and drinking. But he was a middle-aged bachelor; his only near relative was a married sister who lived in Chicago, and, being lonely and middle-aged, he craved passionately a little share in some family's Christmas celebration to keep him from reflecting on how lonely and middle-aged he had become.

When he arrived at his rooms, he found two notes lying on his table. He experienced a peculiar thrill, for both had the look of invitations. One he opened and the thrill subsided. Mrs. Charles Gordon requested the pleasure of his company at dinner on January thirteenth. The handwriting on the other envelope identified itself for him, and the hopes which he had entertained of it likewise faded. Mrs. Fred Scott would not be asking him to come in for Christmas, having very recently declared in his presence that the celebration of that day should always be purely a family matter.

Mrs. Scott had need of him. She was organizing a chorus of Christmas "waits" to proceed through the streets on Christmas eve, singing Christmas carols. "The Hill" is taking the lead in reviving old-fashioned Christmas customs," she wrote. Mrs. Scott lived on the "Hill." "You remember how last year, on Christmas Eve, the shades in the houses on Franklin and Grace Streets were all lit up and candles put in the windows, and how pretty it was. This year we think that it would be fine to have some waits also—and if it is a pleasant night we might share them with some less favored quarters of the city, South Third and Marshall, for example." And she apologized for asking a professional to give his services in such a matter, but Christmas came only once a year and nobody else could so successfully train a small chorus in so short a time, etc. So would he not come around to her house for the next afternoon and organize the singers of the neighborhood?

He thought he would not, but the consideration of the polite wriggling which would be required of him in giving a negative answer drove him into yielding. He wrote to Mrs. Scott that he would be delighted to co-operate with her in carrying out her beautiful idea. Then he pushed

his armchair up in front of his fire and sprawled lazily, to wait until it should be time to go over to the club for dinner.

It was a curious and annoying thing he reflected, how, each time that he saw Jacqueline Bruce, his conscience pricked him. Why should it? In letting their intimacy gradually die he had not been guilty of any disloyalty. It had been, he was sure, more comfortable for her as well as for himself. Now she invited him to her house once or twice a year; he made the prescribed calls and perhaps left a card on her occasionally. That was a sufficient discharge of the obligations imposed by the recollections of a former intimacy. Really there had been nothing exceptionable in his conduct. If she had once been in love with him—as he very well knew was the case—it had not been his fault. He could not have prevented that. And he had never given her any definite ground for believing that he was, or ever would be, in love with her; no, never. He rose and threw another log on the fire emphatically.

To be sure it had all been very unfortunate. There had been that time fifteen—yes, fifteen years ago when he had realized that people were watching Jacqueline and himself with the almost daily expectation of hearing of their engagement. He remembered his own feeling of that time perfectly. He had been quite willing to fall in love with her if it should so happen. Unfortunately he had never been able to feel excited about her, and the expression of her face had sufficiently betrayed, when they were together in that distant past, that she had been excited about him. She was quite a young girl then. If she had been a little prettier perhaps—though she was not ill-looking—he had always in those days been discontentedly aware that her ears were too large, and her shoulders were too high and angular. Waiting for love to take possession of him, if it would, he had grown somewhat fastidious in his observation of details. In spite of this fastidiousness, he had been on the verge of deciding that to like a girl very much was to love her. Then he had encountered Barbara Wells.

What a waste of effort had been his for the next few years! Often now-a-days he wondered not so much at the sudden blaze of passion in him for that girl, as at the long,

long period it had burned, seeming to grow all the while. And he wondered, too, how she had been able to resist a force that had mastered him and held him so completely. Her family had opposed him; they had felt that Barbara Wells could do better than marry a singing-master. They looked on his profession as respectable in a way, yes—yet not quite the thing. It was not they who had beaten him; he believed that they had not even been able to influence her much. But neither had he. Most women were readily susceptible to the charm of his voice—and he had been thought good looking in those days. For three years he had wooed Barbara, who seemed always in a receptive but unconvinced attitude of mind; and then Dan Compton had swept down upon her. Barbara had turned from Stanley as lightly as if he had been the lover of a moment rather than of years.

Yet he had no reason to reproach her—no more reason than Jacqueline Bruce had for reproaching him, not so much, indeed, for one of the painful facts of which he had derived a subtle knowledge was this—that Jacqueline, waiting for him, had dismissed another suitor. Nelson Harris had been at last convinced by her positiveness. Finding that he could never win from her more than a second-hand love, he had bestowed a second-hand love upon another young woman. Nelson Harris was not happy, his wife was not happy; Jacqueline Bruce was not happy, and, Stanley reflected, he himself was probably least happy of all. Only Dan Compton and Barbara Wells had made a success of life.

Stanley leaned forward and poked together the fragments of a burned log. "And who knows about them!" he thought. "Barbara's lost her looks—she has only the shadow of her old charm, for me—a tone now and then, a sparkle, nothing else. If she's lost it for me, she's lost it for her husband. He never cared for her more than I did. Nothing lasts in this life. Everybody grows tired. And I suppose it's worse to be tired of one's wife than of one's self. I suppose I am really to be congratulated. However, what a cynical state of mind! And all because of a tumble and a poor outlook for a Christmas dinner! It must be cocktail time."

He proceeded to the club where he found that his surmise as to the hour was correct. Moreover, young Alex Sprunt, who had announced his engagement only the day before, was there; after drinking his health and that of his fiancée, Stanley felt better. Having experienced its attractive phases, though he had tried it and failed, he had a kindly and interested eye for the young things who were succeeding at it. And Alex Sprunt was a good fellow and deserved his success.

Only after a second cocktail, Stanley fell a dreaming in his chair of how, years ago, he had often fancied himself entering the club gayly—like Alex Sprunt—and calling on the fellows to drink with him because of his achievement. He decided that failure of any kind was sad and bad to dwell on; so he went to the piano, and soon a crowd was gathered around him, roaring out a chorus to his rich baritone, with Alex Sprunt leaning on his shoulder and regarding him during the solo passages with admiring eyes.

The next afternoon as Stanley made his way to Mrs. Fred Scott's house, he was in a quite complacent mood. The work with his pupils had been less exacting, he had not lost his footing on a brick sidewalk, and he faced the prospect of a lonely Christmas without dismay. He had even begun to think of being a benefactor on that day, and gathering in a collection of waifs and giving them a dinner at the Jefferson. It was a prospect that he did not enjoy, but he asked the question seriously, "Why be a selfish pig?"

With such brimming sentiment of good will, he approached the respectable residence of Mrs. Fred Scott. In her drawing-room he found a select gathering of the young people of "The Hill"—a region of which he himself had the privilege of being an inhabitant. But among them there was an intruder, Jacqueline Bruce. She smiled and nodded to him, and then went on talking vivaciously with the two young engaged persons, Alex Sprunt and Julia Worth. Stanley was making his way toward the group when Mrs. Scott intercepted him and led him off to one side.

"I thought that twelve or fifteen would be a good number for the chorus," she explained. "I have invited the best

voices on the Hill. By going below Park Avenue I might have gotten the Nashes—but that would have detracted from the neighborhood character of this party, and I wanted this to be a purely Hill enterprise. I have printed some carols that I like. But, of course, I leave the selection entirely to you.” Stanley looked over the leaflet which she gave him.

“Yes; I haven’t anything better to suggest,” he said “They’ll do very well.”

Jacquiline Bruce came up to Mrs. Scott to take her leave. “I am going to run now,” she said. “I didn’t know you were having a rehearsal.”

“Jacquiline, don’t go,” Mrs. Scott urged, hospitably. “I am not a singer; you can sit with me and listen. I am sure Mr. Stanley won’t mind.”

“Perhaps Miss Bruce will make one of the chorus,” suggested Stanley. But Mrs. Scott shook her head with determination.

“No; no, we can’t allow that. It’s your misfortune, my dear, but you are not a ‘Hill’-dweller. You’ll sit with me on the sofa, and we’ll criticize. But first I must pass these around.”

She moved off to distribute her leaflets, and left Jacqueline Bruce and Howard Stanley together. At that moment Barbara Wells and her husband entered the room.

Stanley glanced from Barbara to Jacqueline. Barbara was stout, cheerful, matronly, her complexion had reddened and coarsened; a kindly light in her eyes had replaced the ardent fire, the brilliant, excited gleam that shone there in her youth. With her stout, bald, ruddy-faced husband, she seemed one who was passing from the active to the contemplative stage of life. And Jacqueline, though her girlish lines had always too much approximated those of spinsterhood, had taken on with years a new and charming luminousness. The spirit of romance had passed from Barbara. In Jacqueline it still lingered. Yet it was the fascinating Barbara of younger years that Stanley had loved. She came forward to them with a smile which conveyed a generous warmth of friendliness. Stanley remembered her smile as having once been like a song.

"Hello, Jacqueline; how are you?" she said, with a cooling cordiality. Her voice had not changed. "So sorry to be late." She turned from them to Mrs. Scott, still cooing pleasantly, calmly, cheerfully. "Are we going to sing right off?" as Mrs. Scott presented her with a leaflet. "I am such a portly soul the stairs have taken my breath, but I shall be ready."

Jacquiline accompanied Mrs. Scott to the sofa. Stanley stood in the center of the room, and the others grouped themselves in front of him. Alex Sprunt and Julia Worth were side by side in the front row, sharing a leaflet together; they preferred it in that way. Nelson Harris and Barbara were separated, and, by contrast with the young lovers, seemed quite unaware of each other. On the sofa sat Mrs. Scott and Jacqueline, bland, interested, expectant.

Stanley lifted up his voice, "Silent night, holy night." The chorus took up the carol; Stanley led them, beating time with his long arm; drawing out tones with it, now from this singer now from that. But all through the singing his mind was preoccupied with contrasts, wistful images and thoughts: the young Sprunt and the maiden singing gravely into each others eyes with all there was in them of soul; the once adored Barbara fluting softly while she inspected the hats, and her husband, unconcerned with her efforts, rolling out the words of the hymn with a self-contented, physical joy in the mellowness of his ample baritone voice. And now and then Stanley's glance showed him Mrs. Scott and Jacqueline sitting on the sofa, side by side—two onlookers at life—one widowed and experienced, the other virginal and fading, and that spectacle more than the others impressed him with the sadness of life, although indeed the expression visible on the ladies' faces was that of a placid interest. Yes, a placid interest was all that he could find in Jacqueline's eyes. The strange glow that had been in them years before when he had been the prince of her romantic fancy, the glow that had made him uneasy and conceited, cadish and ashamed, was not awakened in them now. And that also accented for him the sadness of life. It was not only the women like Barbara, who with advancing years lost their power to charm.

He turned his attention somewhat more earnestly to the rehearsal.

Mrs. Scott's "waits" had almost finished their pilgrimage. They started at five o'clock from Franklin Street, where all the shades were raised and the curtains drawn back, and the seven pyramid candles, burning in each window, gave every house the aspect of being engaged in the solemn observance of a religious rite. Then the choristers came to Grace Street, which presented a similar hallowed appearance, then out Marshall Street and finally to Washington Avenue. They had sung their carols in every block, and had had the excitement of seeing people rush to the windows and place their faces against the window-panes. They had grown accustomed to the pleasure of having the windows go up and of hearing the applause.

That there might be no misunderstanding concerning the auspices under which the project had been carried out, Mrs. Scott, though neither a singer nor a pedestrian, accompanied the choristers in her limousine and urged them on—beseeching them frequently from her cushioned and illuminated environment to sing in front of some house toward the occupant of which she felt especially well disposed. Stanley had been obliged to overrule her insistent demands and remind her that at such a rate of progress they would never get Black Bay properly covered.

It was growing late; it was nearly time to disband the singers. They were approaching the block on the Avenue where Jacqueline Bruce lived; and on a sudden impulse Stanley resolved to halt before her house, whether it was lighted up or not, and deliver the last carol there. Stanley, having gotten them started, beat time silently and watched the house. The curtains were drawn, but light showed behind them, and before the first stanza was finished up went the shades in the bay windows, up went one of the windows, and Jacqueline Bruce stood there.

To his own amazement the sudden appearance of her at that window caused Stanley's heart to throb, to thrill, to feel emotion such as had not been inspired in it since the youthful days of Barbara Wells—now pouring her sweet

soprano over his shoulder—such as had never before been inspired in it by Jacqueline Bruce. And instantly there swept over him a secondary exultation in the consciousness that he had for this moment at least been able to grasp back and seize his youth. This moment! Why not always? He looked into Jacqueline's face and lifted up his voice,

“For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

His voice swept over all the other voices, his figure rose above all the other figures, and while he beat time with uplifted arms, a fervor of excitement and enthusiasm seemed shining on his face. He awakened a new spirit in the tired choristers. They sang the carol with a clearer tone and greater earnestness. Alex Sprunt and Julia Worth, who, side by side, had been smiling into each other's eyes, became unconsciously more attentive to the song, and their hands, clasped covertly, ceased telegraphing the lighter and more frivolous messages of their affection. But Stanley was unaware of any alteration in the spirit or performance of those about him; he was singing now for himself and for Jacqueline.

A slender, original creature in her pink evening gown, she stood smiling a little, her head turned slightly in the attitude of an attentive listener, one hand behind her, the other holding the scarf across her neck; back of her the brightly lighted room, with its heavy glass chandelier and gilded ceiling. Stanley felt an unprecedented desire to arouse in her an emotion such as had shown from her dark eyes many years before. He threw appeal into his voice; it was not religious appeal that he felt, but it animated effectively the hymn.

As soon as the Amen had faded in the air, Stanley said, “That's our last. Good night, and merry Christmas, everybody,” and ran quickly up the Bruce's steps.

It was Jacqueline, herself, who opened the door. “Come in,” she said. She showed no surprise. “It was good of

you to sing in front of my house. I hoped you would. In fact, I was sitting up on the chance of hearing the carols."

He took her hand. "Jacquiline," he said, "as I stood out there singing and saw you in the window, it seemed to me that you were the sweetest, dearest, loveliest woman in all the world. Somehow in the old days I knew you were that, and yet I never had the emotion that you have given me tonight. I was a fool, Jacqueline, not to love you years ago. Can I make you believe me now?"

She hesitated; her lips quivered, but were silent. She drew away the hand that he had taken and raised it uncertainly to her throat. "Howard," she said, and then she caught her breath, and sank into the chair by which she had been standing. "I—let me talk with you, Howard—let me think—truly I don't know yet what to think—or to say." She looked at him with a wistful smile.

"Oh, I can make you sure," he began, bending over her, eagerly, but she checked him with a little gesture.

"No, I must first make you sure," she said, softly. "You have seen me so little of late, Howard, perhaps tonight you are thinking of me as I used to be—when I did care for you very much."

"You don't care any more?" His face sharpened with anxiety and dread.

"I used to thrill to the sound of your voice, the sight of your face, and feel frightened and ashamed to think that you had guessed it. For a long time I hoped that each day would make me the happiest girl in the world——"

"Oh! don't," he pleaded, "I was a cad and I have hated myself because of it. I want to start afresh, Jacqueline, I never felt young love run through me so vividly as it did tonight when you stood in the window."

Her eyes filled, as she looked up at him. "Howard," she said, "is that true?"

"It's the dearest truth I know."

—*Edwina J. Daniel.*

Sketches

WINONA

We stood upon the rock which overhung the river, fifty feet in the air, and wondered why it should have received the name of Lovers' Leap. After admiring the blueness of the sky and the James shimmering in the twilight, we descended to the edge of the river and there sat an old fisherman of whom we inquired why the rock away above us had received such a name.

"Wa'al," he began as he strung a wriggling minnow on his hook, "way back yonder when the red men lived in these parts there was a young English trapper, who fell in love with a purty Indian gal." And hereupon he flung his line out into the river and closed his minnow bucket. "Every night in moonlight they used to wander up there, and he'd sing to her and the echoes would float up and down this here river. But the young trapper went away and the sad Indian maid sat alone on the rock and sang her weird love lament. The summer came and faded away and with the dying leaves the poor Winona went out on the Happy Hunting Grounds and they buried her up there, where the little blood roots bloom showing her pure love and testifying of her bleeding heart. Soon the tribe moved on. Then the young lover came back to claim Winona as his bride. In despair, he hunted for traces of the Indians, only to find the dead ashes and a newly made grave. He plucked a little white flower from the mound, and on his finger it left its bloody stain. Then something seemed to tell him that his sweetheart, the gentle Winona, lay there at his feet. Almost crazed by grief he leapt from that rock down into this river." Hereupon he reeled in a fine bass and continued, "Folks 'round here say that sometimes at night they hear the Indian maid's lament, and last week they was seen drifting in a canoe down this heah river and in her black hair the fair blood root shone like stars."

—*Antoinette Davis.*

HONESTY UNDER TEMPTATION

"If this day was only over!" "I just don't see how I am to live through it." "Oh, I know I shall fail." These were some of the exclamations that were heard from the pupils of the Murphy High School on the day of mid-year examinations.

It had been a hard term's work and the two girls who had led the class up to this time were Lucy Cameron and Daisy Moorman. They had entered school the same year and in the same class and now they were in their senior year. They had both done splendid work all through the course and had made about the same grades. Sometimes Lucy would win a few more points in mathematics than Daisy, but the latter, who was especially good in English, would do better in this subject, so this kept their "scores" see-sawing.

The contest was becoming exciting for now there was only one more term before the important question as to who would receive the valedictorian's medal would be decided. Today there was to be the dreadful history examination, and no wonder the girls were in a high state of agitation.

"Daisy, I know you will beat me this time, because I never could remember dates and Miss Green always gives a lot of them!"

"But, Lucy, dates are not half so important to know as it is to be able to discuss a certain act or treaty, and you know she simply delights in giving that kind of a question on an examination." And so they went on, each deploring her own short-comings.

"Ding—ding—ding," went the gong which was the signal that called the girls to the history examination. They went in together and started to work, and as Daisy had prophesied, the first word on the board was "discuss."

Lucy answered all of the questions up to the last which read this way, "In what year was the Magna Charta granted?" And to save her life she could not decide whether it was 1215 or 1251, but at last she put down 1215.

Now that she had finished she read her paper over, folded it and signed the pledge.

Just before handing in the paper, Lucy's eyes accidentally fell upon Daisy's paper and there, written in big figures, was 1251. "Of course that is right," said Lucy, "and surely it would not be any harm for me to change my date when I knew the figures, but just got them mixed; and if I don't change it, probably I will lose the medal." So she started to erase her mark, but suddenly she stopped, something told her that she was doing wrong, that even if she did lose the medal it was worth it to be honest, and so she gave in her paper with the date unchanged. She left the room perfectly miserable for she was confident that she had lost.

Imagine her wonder, surprise, and delight, when the papers were given back to find a correct mark placed by the side of the Magna Charta date. Her date was right and this made her five points above Daisy, but all of the time she thought she was handing in the wrong answer.

C. L.

"UNCLE JEFF"

"Uncle Jeff" is one of the old-time darkies of "befo' de wah." He is short and fat and has a long gray beard that comes to about his waist. On Sunday he comes out in all his glory with a high silk hat and long-tailed coat. On the front of his coat he wears dozens of medals that he has gotten from all the different Confederate reunions, for he has never been known to miss such an occasion. At any time of the day you happen to be on the street you can see "Uncle Jeff" with a crowd of school children gathered around him, telling them long tales of the war and how, if it had not been for him General Jackson would have been killed long before he was. "Uncle Jeff" is a noted character and I suppose almost everyone has seen him in the moving pictures of the different Southern reunions, marching behind the old Confederate soldiers.

—*H. T. L.*

THE MISSION OF A VALENTINE

"Come on, Billy, and take me down on your sled," said Ethel, during recess.

"I can't, I promised to go with the boys to the pond to skate."

"Well, I can't go to the pond and I want to ride on your sled," protested Ethel.

"Well, Ethel, I can't ride you today. I have to run to catch the others now. I will take you on my sled tomorrow."

With a toss of her head Ethel turned and left him. "You needn't take me at all if you don't want to. I am not going to speak to you any more."

Billy looked back just in time to see Ethel flying back to the school-house. He was almost tempted to go back and not go with the boys. He preferred playing with the girls anyway—but still he had promised to go to the pond. He stood for a few seconds, undecided what to do, but at last he picked up his skates, threw them over his shoulder and soon joined the merry crowd.

When recess was over the bell rang and the children hurried into the school-room. Ethel was already seated at her desk, paying strict attention to her book, never glancing around. The afternoon seemed a long one and Ethel was unusually glad when school was out.

The next morning when she went back to school she was determined not to speak to Billy and she succeeded in avoiding him until school was out in the afternoon. When she was starting home Billy came up to her and said, gaily, "Come on Ethel, and I'll take you part of the way on my sled."

She looked straight ahead and said, with dignity, "No, thank you."

"Oh, come on, Ethel; don't be silly," plead Billy.

"Thanks, but I would rather walk."

Billy looked very much disappointed. "Just as you say," he said, "but I thought you would like to ride," and he went to join the boys.

The next morning was St. Valentine's Day and while Ethel was eating her breakfast the postman came and there was a package for Ethel. She was all in a flutter to open it and when she got it open at last, there lay a beautiful Valentine, all made of lace and flowers with Cupid in the center. She had never seen a prettier Valentine in all her life and the only thing she said was "Billy."

She felt very happy that morning going to school and she was beginning to think that Billy was right in keeping his promise to the boys.

When recess came Ethel went out with the others to play but she didn't try to keep out of Billy's sight as she had done for the past two days.

The other boys were already on their sleds flying down the hill when Billy drew his sled up and called out, "Want to ride with me, Ethel?"

Ethel didn't answer but went to the sled and said, "Hold it still, Billy, so I can get on."

They were both seated on the sled and after they had started, Billy turned and asked, "Are you mad with me now, Ethel?"

"No; I wasn't much mad at first. The Valentine is so pretty, Billy, and I am sorry that I was mean to you. I didn't mean to be."

"What?" exclaimed Billy.

"The Valentine you sent me is pretty. It is prettier than the one Frances got."

Billy's eyes began to twinkle and he turned his face away and said, "I am so glad you liked your Valentine and that you are not mad with me any more."

And Billy wondered who sent the Valentine.

—*Elsie F. Wood.*



Every evening, at sunset, Oriental mothers used to turn their children's faces toward the east and have them pray for the return of dawn. "Ask thou always for the dawn," they said, "for in dawn lies the hope that the coming day may be better than the past has been." This little custom is characteristic of human life. We always hope that when we begin over we may do better than we have before, and so, in this dawn of a new year for "The Focus," we, the new editors of this department, hope to make our "Exchanges" as interesting and instructive as possible and even better than they have ever been before.

We enjoyed the December number of *The State Normal Magazine*. "Charity," the story of how a millionaire, accustomed to contribute largely to charity but putting no love or sacrifice in his giving, is brought to the realization that "the gift without the giver is bare," shows that the writer has grasped the true Christmas spirit. The essay, "Counties Which Have Disappeared," is well expressed and shows careful preparation, but the title should have been more specific. The title as it is, "Counties Which Have Disappeared," includes far more than those of North Carolina. We like the little sketch, "Where is Our College

Spirit?" It is indeed true that in many of our large schools those bound together in classes and societies lose sight of the larger college spirit—a fact which is to be greatly deplored.

Cornelians, why so far behind the Adelphians in your contributions?

"Much depends upon when and where you read a book," says Lamb. We think that if you take up *The Gold Bug* in the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready you will, perhaps, enjoy reading it. But take it at any other time and you will find it sadly lacking. Practically all of it is written in a light vein. The stories have no depth to them and the one essay is not well expressed, though it contains some very good thoughts. The editor, however, is right in saying that "it is not the editors who make a college magazine." It is the student body, and we suggest, as does your editor, that you awake and prove that "there is no lack of talent and ability" among you.

We are always glad to have *The William and Mary Magazine* come to us and we take great pleasure in reading it through from cover to cover. This is especially true this month, for as the name implies, it contains quite a number of what one might term "good literary selections." "The Fugitive" and "To Smile Like That" are the best two contributions to this number, yet "The Reunion" is very good and is exceedingly interesting; the plot is developed skillfully. The poem "Books" is worthy of special mention. It is a subject in which we, as school girls, are vitally interested, for, as the writer expressed it,

"Who craves an immortality more lasting?
Will not these last on for aye?"

Considering everything, this magazine is one of the most attractive that comes to us; the cover is the first thing that attracts us and as we turn the pages (always "one by one") we are attracted more and more. There is usually

on the first page a very pretty poem, and we agree with the editor that a poem on the first page adds much to a school magazine. We love to read the editorials and the exchanges, but the one great thing that impresses us is the manner in which the magazine is edited; it shows good taste. Are you convinced that this magazine is perfect? By no means is that true; some of the material could be greatly improved. Although we do not expect any school magazine to be absolutely devoid of faults, we sincerely hope to see the next number of *The William and Mary Literary Magazine* as near that point as possible.

To the contributors of *The Hollins Magazine* of January, 1913, we extend our heartiest congratulations. Almost every article shows good work, and we know that good time and good thought are essential to good work. If one can write anything at all, he can write something good, if he gives the work plenty of time and thought; "what is worth writing at all is worth writing well."

First in order and first in quality we congratulate the author of "The Winds of Yesterday." The poem brings out the talent for which such a number of us are seeking. We should like to see more of such work in school magazines. "Tom the Bellman" is certainly original. "The Butterfly" is especially good—the "bright butterfly thoughtlessly flits," but the author of this poem did not "thoughtlessly write" when she wrote the poem.

The idea is gradually gaining ground that only material of real literary worth is desirable; I think this idea has reached the author of "The Workers Die but the Work Goes On." We realize that "A Broken Deal" was written altogether for the sake of entertaining the reader yet we can appreciate the value of such work for we know that the stories where the chief thought is easily followed, i. e., the stories which are easy to read, are not always the easiest stories to compose, and it is frequently true that they are among the very hardest to compose. Every department of the magazine this month is well-balanced, and really,

it was a genuine pleasure to read every article contained in the magazine.

The Christmas number of *The East Tennessee Teacher* was the last one received. The January number has failed to show up. I am sure it would have interested us more than the Christmas number for, really, the latter lacks interest. It lacks originality. "When Music Ceased" is the only original selection found in it. Aren't there any poets in your school who could write a poem once in a while? Perhaps you have not noticed that the magazine contains so much blank verse.

We searched for your "Exchanges" in vain. Get busy, Exchange Editor. It is natural for us to expect something better next time.

A Dream

A maid—a man—a gondola—
A caressing breeze from the West—
The soft, dark waters lapping—
A sense of calm and rest!

"When was it that you first loved me?
I've forgotten—tell me once more—
You are sure 'twas the first time you saw me?
It seems I have known you before."

"I've been waiting for you always—
No, my love shall never grow cold,
'Tis strange to have met in Venice,
———! I fear you will think I am bold!"

"Let us build our castles in Spain, dear,
A beautiful future foretell—"
"Did he fall—what was it? Oh! —"
"Wake up—the fifteen-minutes bell!"

E. H.

THE FOCUS

VOL. III FARMVILLE, VA., FEBRUARY, 1913 No. 1

Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

The Focus is published nine times a year at Farmville, Va., by the Students' Association of the State Normal School. There are no stockholders, no bond-holders, mortgagees, nor other security holders.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

We have begun our new year's work a little differently from that of last year. We need you to help us carry out the plan. There are three ways to do this—write for the magazine, become closely acquainted with it, and subscribe.

The purpose of "The Focus" is to express the life of the school in all its phases. We have felt that perhaps class spirit has not been fully represented and for this reason we have planned to have a Senior and a Junior number to appear in March and April, published by these classes, respectively. Of course, there will be the regular Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers, and a special January number, published by the staff.

With your co-operation this can be the most successful year in the history of "The Focus." Let us aim to make the literary standard higher, and to increase the circulation.

* * *

Are we, as a school, sufficiently appreciative of our Student Association? Are we enough interested in the

conditions sought after by this association to appoint ourselves a committee of one to see that they are realized? The general sentiment of the school, we fear, proclaims the answer, No! Why should this attitude exist in our school? Just as it is the duty of every citizen of our democracy to promote the welfare of the community, so it is our duty to promote the welfare of this school. This is a government for the students, by the students, and of the students, therefore the responsibilities rest on us, and could not possibly rest elsewhere. In other schools, the students have felt this direct personal responsibility for the success of the student government, and in consequence, it has succeeded admirably. The keynote is "personal obligation." Let us all cultivate it!

As an organization, the Student Association must have officers. To give respect and consideration, then, toward these officers, is one way of making it a success. We have seen girls stand and argue for ten minutes with an officer who was trying to do her duty as she saw it. An ideal situation in our school, and one that is perfectly possible to be realized, is a quiet study period. The student body has been frequently admonished on this subject, but alas! has the admonition served its purpose? Remember, if *you* don't want to study, somebody does and is seriously inconvenienced by the sheer thoughtlessness and carelessness of others.

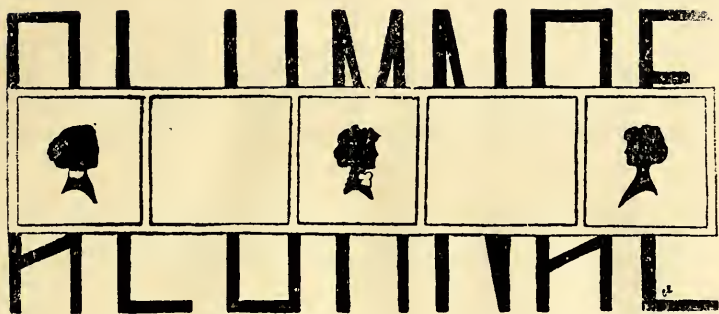
The behavior in the dining room is another problem of student government. Our first word is to the monitors. Do your duty, and the desired result will follow. What good is a monitor if she acts in just as disorderly a manner as the other girls at the table? We have observed monitors remaining seated while the blessing is being said, also allowing forms of misconduct that are almost a disgrace to our school.

In chapel, let us observe a reverent attitude at the right time, and an orderly attitude at all times. We are there to receive inspiration for the day's work; therefore it is our duty to lay all books aside, and receive the full benefit of the exercise.

Let us be loyal to our little community here, and make it a matter of personal interest that our student government be a great success.

* * *

We touch one another in all of life's associations. We impress, more or less, all with whom we come in contact. In the home, in the school, in society, and in business, we leave our mark. It is our duty then to inquire what kind of impression we are making upon those with whom we are thrown in our several spheres of influence. Is it for good or for ill? If for good, then our life is worth living; if for evil, then it is a failure. A true and successful life is one whose touch upon others is quickening, wholesome, purifying, and beneficent. The sunlight comes down to us over the vast reaches of space, but it is only when it touches objects upon the earth and is reflected back to us, that we see the beautiful forms and colors by which we are surrounded. So with our lives in connection with our work here; we may be interested and in earnest ourselves, but it is only as we reach out and touch others, influencing and helping them to do their part, that our lives can reach full fruition.



Beginning with the next number of "The Focus" there will be published each month a query column for the interest of the former students of the school. Information desired along any line of school work will be given in answer to all such questions addressed to "The Focus."

Mary Elfreth Carrington, '12, is teaching at Appomattox, Virginia.

Bessie Paulett, of the class of 1910, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Creyke ('05), in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Dillard (Angela Tinsley), who was at one time a student here, is visiting Mrs. Elliot Booker (Jessie Whitmore '04) at her home in Farmville, Virginia.

We are glad to have as visitors this week end, Ola Abbitt, '10, and Grace Woodhouse, '12. Grace and Ola are both teaching in Henrico County.

Frances Brown, who was with us for the first term, has accepted a school, and is now teaching at Newcastle, Va.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lee (Lucile Kent), a son, Kent Holbrook Lee, on January 15, 1913. Mrs. Lee makes her home in Washington, D. C.

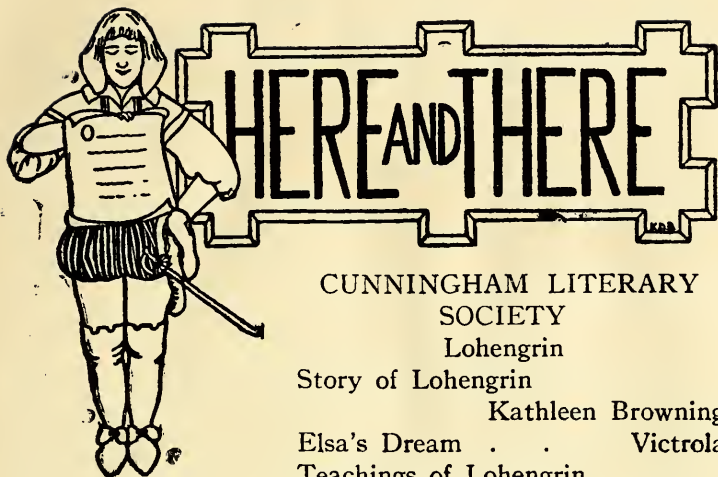
Esme Howell, '12, is teaching primary work in Shawnee, Oklahoma. Anne Walker, of the same class, has a school in Bristol.

Grace Logue, who has attended our school for the past two sessions, was married on January 27, to Mr. Bernier, the athletic coach at Hampden-Sidney. Mr. and Mrs. Bernier will live at Hampden-Sidney.

Mell Holland, '96, was married on January 21 to Dr. Robert Jones, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Thurzetta Thomas, class '12, is teaching at Pearisburg, Virginia.

Nell Bristow, class '12, who is teaching at Amherst, Va., is continuing vocal music at R. M. W. C., Lynchburg.



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Lohengrin

Story of Lohengrin

Kathleen Browning

Elsa's Dream . . . Victrola

Teachings of Lohengrin

Esther Ford

Bridal Chorus . . . Victrola

As the fourth number of the Star Course Entertainments, The Chicago Ladies' Orchestra rendered the following program:

1. March *Selected*
2. Overture, Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna
3. Piccolo Solo, Champion Polka . . . *Buchtel*
Miss Cramer
4. Reading Miss Cawthon
5. Airs from Grand Opera
6. Vocal Miss Eckies
7. The Chicago Ladies' Brass Quartette
8. The Spring Maid *Reinhardt*
9. Reading Miss Cawthon
10. Symphonie Espagnole, andante and rondo
for Violin Miss Lutz
11. Songs We Love

Miss Cawthon, the only Southerner of the Orchestra, was especially appreciated by the girls, and as she expressed it, they responded with true Southern enthusiasm.

JEFFERSON SOCIETY

Thomas Moore—His Place in Literature

	Margaret Godbey
"Love and Reason"	Elizabeth Barham
"Oft in the Stilly Night"	Chorus
Review of "Lalla Rookh"	Olive Luecker
"Believe Me if All Those"	Madeline Willett
"Sail on, Sail on"	Mary Moore Stoneburner
"The Last Rose of Summer," "All Through the Night,"	Chorus

JUNIOR PICNIC

The Juniors held an indoor picnic in the gym on the night of the 31st of January. At about 8.30 girls began to come from every direction. Some were prone to doubt whether the gym would hold them all, but amidst much laughter all finally got in and formed two huge circles around the room. Games were played with enthusiasm and interest. Then after all were seated on the floor and the lights were put out ghost stories were told until awful figures could be heard clanking their heavy chains, and suddenly high up in the gallery there stalked the unmistakable figure of a ghost! Fascinated, the crowd gazed at the gruesome thing, until, with a crash, the vision vanished and a laughing Junior, who, in her effort to appear ghost-like had fallen over a chair, walked down among her class mates.

Refreshments were served on the floor in Japanese fashion. Then, being stimulated to greater action, the class gave lusty shouts, and ended by singing the Junior class song. The loyalty and love of the song warmed our hearts and in enthusiastic voices the class cheered, first the writer of the song, Juanita Manning, and then our best of presidents, Maria Bristow.

Directory of Organizations

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Margaret Hiner.....	Reporter

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Janie Couch.....	Reporter

THIRD YEAR CLASS

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Elizabeth Jarman	Vice-President
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Marie Noell	Reporter

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THE FOCUS

IN MEMORIAM

Golightly Doolittle and Gohard Ann Flounder

Canto the First

Golightly Doolittle loved Gohard Ann Flounder;
He worked for her pa and that's how he found her.
He stayed quite a time, for the charm of her eye
Held Golightly captive, and made him stay by.
One night when Golightly was done with the chores
And was washing his hands at the pump out-of-doors
Gohard came along with a bucket to fill,
Golightly helped hold it for fear it would spill,
When his fingers touched hers on the old bucket brim
Gohard tumbled over and bumped against him.
"Oh, Gohard!" he gasped, "I am happy this day;
For there's something I've wanted a long time to say.
Say, won't you be mine, dear? I want you to be
Mrs. Golightly Doolittle. There, don't you see?"
And Gohard answered back with the loveliest smile,
"Of course I'll be yours, dear, if just for a while."
And then our two lovers thought they would go in
To tell pa all about it, and break it to him.

Canto the Second

When they told pa about it, he jumped up in glee
And shouted, "By thunder, why, you don't tell me!
I rejoice, Gohard, that you've at last caught a beau;
One time I feared much it would never be so."
Then Gohard and Golightly went off and sat down
To discuss getting married and her wedding gown.
They said they'd be married the first day of June;
Said Golightly, "I'll be on the spot right at noon,
And you must be there, so it will come true,
That I'll marry Gohard, for, dear, I love you."

(See pages following)

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Farmville, Va.

THE FOCUS

Said Gohard, "The sweetest words ever was said,
You said then." But just then, "Gohard, go to bed,"
Came in loud and clear tones from Gohard Ann's ma.
"Oh, dear, we must part now, or she will tell pa,"
Said Gohard; and Golighty went off with a sigh,
To dream about marrying her by and by.

Canto the Third

When the wedding day came, as all wedding days do,
Gohard wore a dress of a bright pinky blue
That was made by her ma, in most elegant style,
That would last her for best for quite a good while.
Golighty dressed up, with his hair black as coal,
In a fifty-cent suit, with some shoes he had "stole."
So thus at the altar this fond couple stood,
When they went to the church to say that they would
And then they went off on a long honeymoon,
Which lasted three days and ended one noon.

Canto the Fourth

Gohard had a cabin to which she fell heir;
Golighty a bed and a three-legged chair;
Pa gave them a cook stove, with plenty of dishes,
Ma hemmed them some sheets with best of good wishes;
A kind neighbor gave them some whiskey and brandy.
Said Golighty, "I vum, but you all come in handy,
For you know, my dear friends, I would lots rather play
Than work in the sun on a hot summer's day."
So Golighty sat out in the cool summer breeze,
And read his newspaper 'neath rustling leaves,
While Gohard washed the dishes, and scrubbed up the floors,
Kept the garden in order, and did all the chores,
Till weary, she tho't she would throw up the sponge,
And hike from this world with a desperate plunge.

(See pages following)

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THE FOCUS

Canto the Fifth

She found some rat poison; 'twas kept on a shelf—
And what do you think! She ate it herself!
When Golightly came in for something to eat
There she lay on the floor just as white as a sheet.
“She’s dead!” loud he shrieked; and then he rushed out,
Gave the bucket a kick, and went up the spout.

—*The Rustic Bard* ('13).

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Servant—I'm not sure, ma'am, but I think they are in the wash.—*Ex.*

American—A lie never escaped George Washington's lips.

Englishman—Humph, you Yankees always did talk through your noses.

Mr. L.—Girls, sixteen years from now I'll ask you about Calhoun's views.

Mr. Eason—And what else are whales good for?

M-t-i-e C-r-e-r—Why, they are used to make furs out of.

N-l-a B-r-e-r (studying Mark Antony's oration on Caesar)—"Friends, Romans, Countrymen," etc.

C-y-p-n B-r-e-r—Is that Antony's oration?

N-l-a—No, you crazy, It's Mark's.

Mr. Lear (looking over subscription list agitatedly) Didn't that man expire in January?

N-l-a B-r-e-r (writing to a gentleman friend)—Only the girls who have got on the honor roll can have company on Friday and Sunday nights.

New Student—What is the matter with the library? The door is locked and I can't get in.

Old Student—It's quarantined.

New Student (anxiously)—What?

Old Student—Miss Taliaferro found a diphtheria germ in the dictionary.

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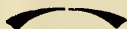
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